

NOW RING UP THE SEPTEMBER CURTAIN

Out yonder in the Landscape the Forests are
Already Ordering their Autumn Costumes

In Another Month Every Maple Tree will be a Blushing Beauty

OUR FALL MILLINERY

have caught the glad infection. The pale shades of Summer are receiving a warm injection of bright, rich autumnal blood. Aurora and Foliage are giving their place to textiles, and beauty was never so much a beauty as it shows itself to-day on our millinery counters. Away back Months ago, when you were planning your summer things, we were planning your autumnals.

While you were just thinking of mountains, shores, slippery rocks, tinkering up your trunks and poring over railroad time-tables, foreign artists and artisans were designing styles, combining colors for your September and October gratification, and here are the beautiful styles at your command. Right Here. Hear us say that. Other merchants' customers, dress-makers, citizens of this city, visitors, tourists, and all classes of people are invited to attend

September Opening and Exhibition of High Class Millinery

French Models

We are now showing our GENUINE IMPORTED Paris models in the most down-to-date styles. These hats are all hand-made and of the finest material Europe can supply. Everyone is the representation of the ideas of the most famous style creators of Europe.

DOMESTIC—Have received a large shipment of domestic pattern hats. Patterns copied from the very best of the French Models. These are the hats sold by most millinery houses for real French models and are very moderate in price, ranging from \$3.00 to \$25.00.

Ready-to-Ware Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children— This is headquarters for outing, street and ready-to-wear hats. We lead all others in this particular line and can furnish our customers and friends with the latest and best styles for the least money. **REMODELING AND RETRIMMING HATS A SPECIALTY.**

Bon Ton Millinery Store
483 Bond Street, Astoria, Ore.

THE POOR COBBLER.

Follows the Plumber's Advice
and Now Regrets It.

ALMOST LOST HIS BUSINESS.

Hans Was Told to Extend Liberal
Credit to Customers, but It Did Not
Turn Out as Well as He Expected.
Is Saved From Poorhouse.

[Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.]
It was one time when I had only one
cement patch to put on for fifteen
cents, and I was feeling blue and wonder-
ing if dey had fried oysters in der
poorhouse, when der plumber comes in
and says:

"Hans, I think so much about your
case dot I don't sleep nights. You vhas
a Dootchmans from Shermans. My



"A WOMAN ASH BIG ASH A HAYSTACK."
Greatest-grandmother vhas also a Dootch-
mans, and dot makes me feel for you.
You vhas a poor and hardworking
mans, but you don't get along, and dot
vhas what makes tears in my eyes."
"Yes, it vhas hard times," I says.
"Und it vhill be hard times some
more unless you make a change in
your way of doing peenness. You see,
you vhas cash down. If I haf a lift
put on my heel you hold out your hand
for der money. If a mans vhas some
half soles you make him pay right
away."
"But I must haf money to buy stock

und to live on," I says.
"Dot vhas der saddest part of all. If
you could raise \$25 und start peenness
in a new vhay you vhas a rich mans in
two years. Did you ever hear of Chris-
topher Columbus?"

"Yes. He discovers America."

"Puts People on Their Honor."

"But does he vhas cash down? Does
he hold out his hand for der sugar?
Of course not. After George Washing-
ton vhas a great mans dis country
asked him to be its fadder. He says
he vhill be, but he don't hold out his
hand. No, sir. He takes der job on
trust and lets us see dot he has con-
fidence in our honor. When Abraham
Lincoln vhas elected president, does
he say dot he vhill back out if he
doesn't get his wages every Saturday
night? Not at all. Why, even when an
alderman sells his vote he don't expect
der cash for at least a week. If you
would succeed you must do different.
You must put peoples on der honor to
pay."

"Must I trust?" I ask him.

"You must. Peoples vhas curious
folks. If you ask 'em for cash down
dey take it as an insinuation against
der honesty. In my peenness I fix a
water pipe for a house and don't send
any bill. I depend upon der man's
honor. Maybe it goes on for a year,
and some day he vhas in und pays
and tells me to put in new washtubs,
a new boiler and to overhaul der fur-
nace. For instance, I want half soles
on my shoes. It vhas 35 cents. I tell
you to go ahead. When you vhas done
you hold out your hand for der money.
I don't haf it. Dot makes me sad und
humiliated. If you don't say anything
I come in in about a week und pay up
und bring you in four pairs of shoes to
mend. See how it goes?"

I can't see how she goes, but I take
his word for it. Dot night I paint a
big sign to put in my window. She
reads:

"Come in. Der German cobbler ex-
tends credit to all. Everybody put on
his honor."

Fat Policeman Calls.

It don't hardly be daylight next
morning when der fat policeman on dot
beat come knocking on der door, und
when I lets him in he says:

"Vhell, Dutchy, I haf seen your sign.
You are getting on to der American
plan in great shape. No danger of
you're going to der poorhouse. Here is
a pair of shoes you can mend und put
me on my honor to pay."

After breakfast a woman ash big ash
a haystack comes in mit three pairs of
shoes in a basket. Dot smile on her
face vhas like a washboard.

"Now, cobbler, you vhas gettin'
down to peenness," she says. "Der rea-
son I haven't patronized your shoo be-

fore is because it don't always come
handy to change a hundred dollar bill
to pay out a few shillings. I may pay
tomorrow or next week, but I don't
want to feel dot I am looked upon ash
a deadbeat. Put a large, fat woman
on her honor, und you vhill never lose a
cent. Mend her shoes und tell her it
vhas cash down, und she vhill never
come back again. I haf long wondered
why you don't change your vhay of do-
ing peenness."

Shakes Cobbler's Hand.

Der next mans haf three pairs of
shoes to mend. He smiles on me. He
shakes hands. He puts der shoes on
der counter und says:

"Now you vhas doing peenness der
werry same ash der Rothschilds, und
in two years you vhas ownin a bank.
You gif me credit. Dot means you put
me on my honor. Dot further means I
am bound to pay you if I haf to sell
my shirt. I may not rush in here to-
morrow, but I shall come sooner or lat-
er. If undertakers would try your way
more peoples would die und be buried."

It vhas a boy who came in next. He
says his mother reads der sign und
sends him along. She vhas a widow
woman, und whoever trusts in her
honor shall reap large rewards. She
can't come herself, because she is lame,
but her son can tell about her honor.
He vhas followed by der butcher und
baker und coal man, und in one day
more ash twenty-peoples come in und
leave shoes to be mended on der hon-
or. Not one cent comes in. It vhas so
der next day und der next. Even der
dago shoemakers come in to be mend-
ed up. After three days I vhas scared
und took der sign down. I need money
for stock, und I go by der plumber und
ask for my 35 cents.

"Vhy, it vhas only three days ago,"
he says.

"But I must buy some leather."

"How vhas dis? You put me on my
honor und den come und shump on me
ash if I vhas going to run avhay. In
peenness you always give thirty days'
credit. Dot vhas considered der same
ash cash. If you put a man on his
honor, dot means he pays when it vhas
handy. It don't be handy for me dis
morning, und if you don't look out a
little you lose all your customers."

I go to dot fat woman's house mit
my leetle bill. She opens her door und
smiles on me, but when she sees der
bill she asks:

"Ha! Vhat vhas dis?"

"You haf some shoes mended."

"Vhell!"

"I must haf money to buy shoe pegs
und cement."

"Vhell, vhat haf I got to do mit dot?
I vhas no cement woman. I vhas no

daisy of a shoe peg. You extended
me credit. You put me on my honor.
Dot means if you get dis bill in one
year you vhas a glad hearted mans.
Good morning, Mr. Cobbler."

Butcher Sits on Him.

I goes by der butcher und talks a
leetle while about der earthquakes und
gives him a chance to pay. He don't
take no sooch chances, und I ask him
for der money straight out.

"Vhell, I be hanged," he says, mit a
red face. "Cobbler, vhat sort of a
duck vhas you anyway?"

"But I must haf some money to buy
stock," I says.

"Money? Stock? Didn't you extend
me credit? Don't you put me on my
honor? Do you belief dot my honor
runs out in a week? If you need
money you must go to der bank und
raise it, same as der rest of us do.
Humph! Vhell, if dis vhas your vhay
of doing peenness you shall make no
more honorable repairs for me."

He gets mad und flings things around,
und I haf to beg his pardon. I go to
der coal mans und ask him if it vhas
convenient to pay me 90 cents.

"Vhat for?" he asks.

"For fixing oop your shoes."

"Vhat! You put me on my honor
und den come und insult me! If you
don't be an old mans I do some damage
to you. By golly, but I vhas never so
insulted in my life!"

"But if somebody buys coal of you
you vhas your money, don't you?" I
says.

"But dere vhas some difference be-
tween coal and cobbling. Dere vhas no
credit in coal. Dere vhas no honor in
it. You better go home und soak your
head."

It vhas der same mit all der others.
I don't get one cent. It vhas all abuse.
I stop all dot credit und honor right
avhay quick, und though I don't quite
go by der poorhouse it makes me hard
oop for six months. M. QUAD.

A Tough Menu.

"According to my belief," said the
socialistic boarder, "no man should eat
unless he works."

"A man simply can't get out of work
as long as he eats at this boarding
house," growled the fussy old bachelor.
—Houston Post.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube
with a nozzle, easy to apply to the sore-
ness and inflammation, for any form of
Piles, it soothes and heals, relieves the
pain, itching and burning. Man Zan
Pile Remedy. Price 50 cts. Guarantee.
Sold by Frank Hart's Drug store.

THE TRAIN BELL ROPE.

How it and the Conductor's Supremacy
Came to Be Established.

Although there does not seem to be
anything in common between pugilism
and railroad rules, yet the adoption of
the familiar bell rope that stretches
through every car of the modern train
was the result of a fist encounter. At
the same time and by the issue of the
same combat the supremacy of the con-
ductor in railroad travel was ordained.
It was Philadelphia which gave both
to the world.

One of the oldest railroads in the
country is the Philadelphia, Wilming-
ton and Baltimore, now known as the
Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washing-
ton, which was opened in 1837. The
terminus in Philadelphia was at Broad
and Prime streets—Prime street now
being known as Washington avenue—
and after crossing the Schuylkill river
at Gray's Ferry the route ran along the
Delaware river on what is now the
Chester line of the Reading railway.
The first schedule contained one pas-
senger train, which went to Baltimore
one day and came back the next, which
was considered a remarkable feat in
rapid travel. When a train a day each
way was placed in service the people
of the two cities served concluded that
the acme of convenience in transporta-
tion had been reached.

Next to the president of the railroad
the most important functionaries were
the engineer and conductor. It was a
question whether or not the head of
the line was not considered a subsidi-
ary officer in popular estimation to the
men who ran the train, but Robert
Fogg, who pulled the throttle, and
John Wolf, who collected fares, won
the deference of the public because of
their high and responsible duties.

Fogg, an Englishman, had all the
tenacity of opinion of his race. Wolf,
an American, had the ingenuity of the
Yankee and, seeing the need of some
method by which he could communi-
cate with the engineer, devised the
scheme of running a cord through the
cars to the locomotive. As the engine
was a wood burner, Wolf fastened one
end of the cord to a log, which was
placed on the engineer's seat and was
pulled to the floor when the conductor
desired to signal for a stop.

Fogg resented what he considered an
interference with his rights on the
platform of the locomotive and on the
first run out from Broad and Prime
streets with the new device paid no
heed to the displacement of the log
from the seat when the conductor de-

sired to take on a passenger from a
farm near Gray's Ferry, but sped on
over the bridge and did not deign to
bring his engine to a stop until Blue
Bell station, on the south side of the
Schuylkill, had been reached. Then
he demanded to know of Wolf why he
had been jerking that log all about the
locomotive.

Wolf hotly declared that he had sig-
naled to stop, but Fogg retorted that
he would stop when and where he
pleased and that, too, without any re-
ference to orders from the conductor,
whom he did not regard as his superior
in the management of the train. The
altercation grew very heated, and Wolf
invited the engineer from the cab to
settle the matter, and the challenge
was quickly accepted.

Passengers and a group of men who
had gathered at the station to see the
train come in formed a ring about the
combatants, but the fight did not last
long, as Wolf proved by far the su-
perior artist with his fists and with
a few blows made it almost impossible
for the engineer to see sufficiently to
complete his run, but Fogg admitted
that he had been fairly beaten, and the
supremacy of the conductor on a train
was settled for all time.

As the log signal was crude and in-
effective, Wolf devised the use of a
bell on the locomotive, and this method
was soon adopted by all of the Amer-
ican railroads. Then a code of sig-
nals was adopted, and these remain
practically to this day. The only
change in the bell cord is that by use
of the air from the brake system a
whistle has superseded the bell in the
locomotive cab.—Philadelphia Ledger.



Seedy Sam (threateningly)—No, mum,
I ain't had a bite for three days, an' I
won't take my foot out till—